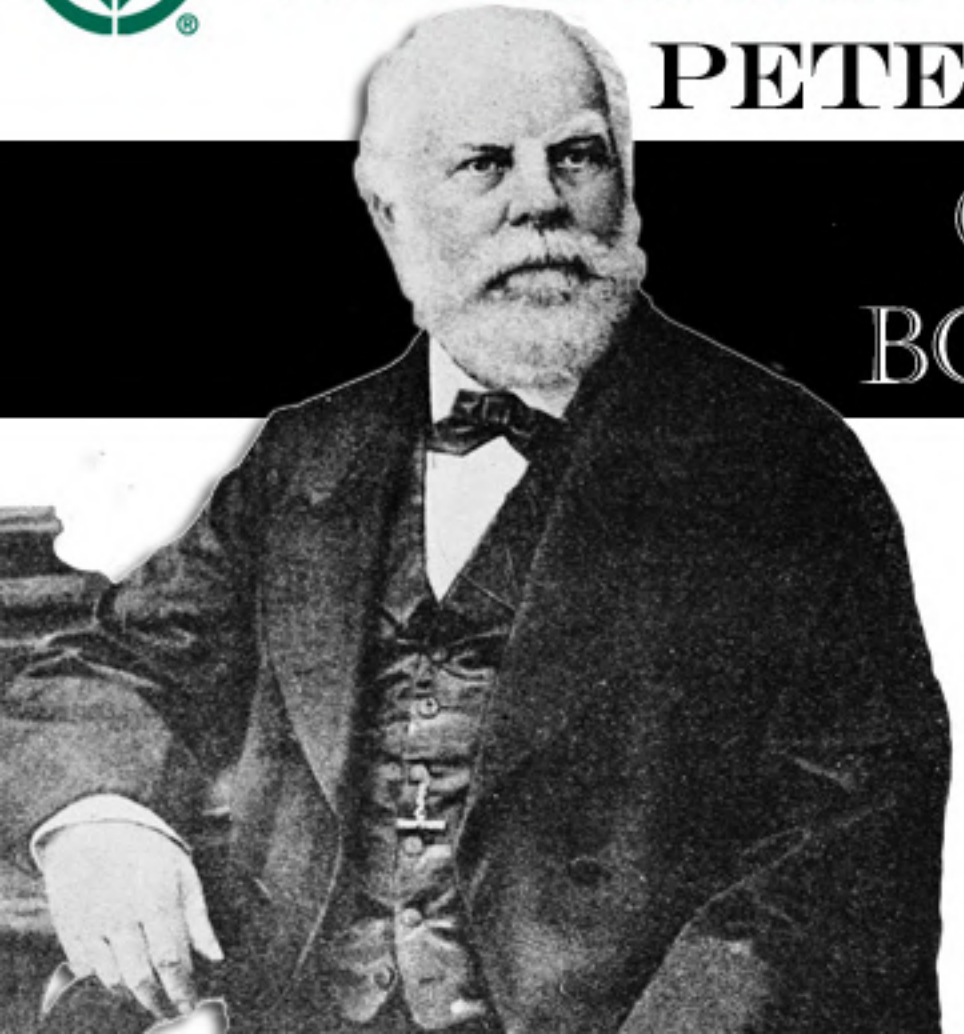
Missouri Botanical Garden

Peter H. Raven Library

George Engelmann Botanical Notebooks



Pagination Note:
Since many of the items lack a specific page number, the page number displayed online refers to the sequentially created number each item was given upon cataloging the materials.

Q. Prinus

Castanea,

Fruits & nov. 1837

May 15 1874

x 10

nearly 8 ander-
another variety
not ripe

MISSOURI BOTANICAL GARDEN
Archives
Herbarium
Library

0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10
cm
copyright reserved
MISSOURI BOTANICAL GARDEN

R. C. HARRISON,

508 Leffingwell Avenue,

Druggist & Apothecary

MISSOURI BOTANICAL GARDEN
GEORGE ENGELMANN PAPERS

G. F. ENGLEMAN, M.D.,

3003 LOCUST STREET.

6023

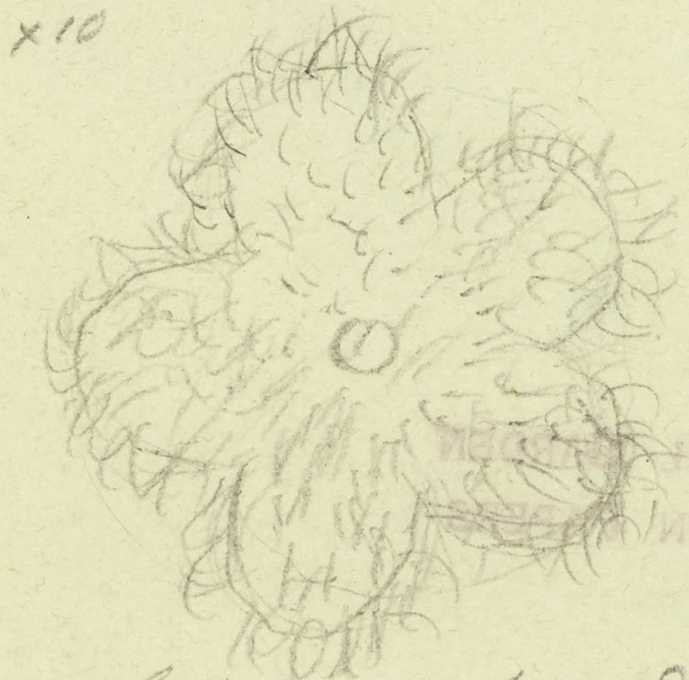
0 cm 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10
copyright reserved
MISSOURI BOTANICAL GARDEN

G. Bimos

April 29 1875

montevideo
castan

Allerton, Letterman, Irish



Section of young leaf

lobes short and very broad, woolly outside, especially towards the edge

no beauty seen even in youngest buds

7–8 stamens

HOLLEY GEYSER CO.
YELLOWSTONE
Missouri Botanical Garden
St. Louis

0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10
cm
copyright reserved
MISSOURI BOTANICAL GARDEN

6024

MISSOURI BOTANICAL GARDEN
GEORGE ENGELMANN PAPERS

ALEX. LETICH.

APOTHECARY & DRUGGIST.

Marble Building Cor. Fourth & Olive Sts. St. Louis, Mo.

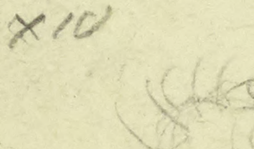
0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10
cm
copyright reserved
MISSOURI BOTANICAL GARDEN

Guerra Bros April 28 1876

Castner

Kinmundy Ill

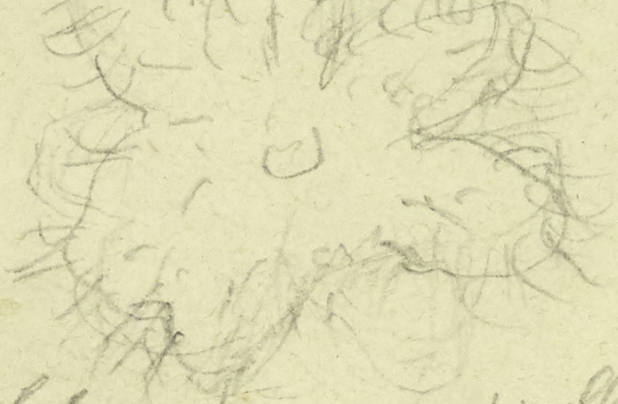
stellate hair on both sides of young leaves on the lower midrib, and longer and coarser



no hairs seen

Allenton, St Louis Co

Letterman Apl 29 76



6-7 stamens

white on both sides otherwise like the other

lobes narrower, woolly outside

ALEX. LEITCH.

APOTHECARY & PHARMACEUTIST,

Marble Building Cor. Fourth & Olive Sts. St Louis, Mo.

MISSOURI BOTANICAL GARDEN
GEORGE ENGELMANN PAPERS

6025

cm 0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10
copyright reserved
MISSOURI BOTANICAL GARDEN

that this flower is not developed in perpetual snow. It means that it is first germinated in a warm soil and under a kindly sun. It means that if you had not plucked it, it would have fulfilled its destiny under those conditions. It means that in two months grass will be springing where you found it—even where we now lie. We are below the limit of perpetual snow."

"In two months!" said the young girl, eagerly, clasping her hands.

"In two months," said the young man, bitterly. "In two months we shall be far from here, or dead."

"Probably!" said the old man, coolly, "but if you have fulfilled my injunctions in regard to my papers and the collection, they will in good time be discovered and saved."

Ashley turned away with an impatient gesture, and the old man's head again sank exhaustedly upon his arm. Under the pretext of caressing the child, Ashley crossed over to Grace, uttered a few hurried and almost inaudible words, and disappeared through the door. When he had gone, the old man raised his head again and called feebly:

"Grace!"

"Dr. Devarges!"

"Come here!"

She rose and crossed over to his side.

"Why did he stir the fire, Grace?" said Devarges, with a suspicious glance.

"I don't know."

"You tell him everything—did you tell him that?"

"I did not, sir."

Devarges looked as if he would read the inmost thoughts of the girl, and then, as if re-assured, said:

"Take it from the fire, and let it cool in the snow."

The young girl raked away the embers of the dying fire, and disclosed what seemed to be a stone of the size of a hen's egg, incandescent and glowing. With the aid of two half-burnt sticks she managed to extract it, and deposited it in a convenient snow-drift near the door, and then returned to the side of the old man.

"Grace!"

"Sir!"

"You are going away!"

Grace did not speak.

"Don't deny it. I overheard you. Perhaps it is the best that you can do. But whether it is or not you will do it—of course. Grace, what do you know of that man?"

Neither the contact of daily familiarity, the equality of suffering, nor the presence of approaching death could subdue the woman's nature in Grace. She instantly raised her shield. From behind it she began to fence feebly with the dying man.

"Why, what we all know of him, sir,—a true friend; a man to whose courage, intellect, and endurance we owe so much. And so unselfish, sir!"

"Humph!—what else?"

"Nothing—except that he has always been your devoted friend—and I thought you were his. You brought him to us," she said, a little viciously.

"Yes—I picked him up at Sweetwater. But what do you know of his history? What has he told you?"

"He ran away from a wicked step-father and relations whom he hated. He came out West to live alone—among the Indians—or to seek his fortune in Oregon. He is very proud—you know, sir. He is as unlike us as you are, sir,—he is a gentleman. He is educated."

"Yes, I believe that's what they call it here, and he doesn't know the petals of a flower from the stamens," muttered Devarges. "Well! After you run away with him does he propose to marry you?"

For an instant a faint flush deepened the wan cheek of the girl, and she lost her guard. But the next moment she recovered it.

"Oh, sir," said this arch hypocrite, sweetly, "how can you jest so cruelly at such a moment? The life of my dear brother and sister, the lives of the poor women in yonder hut, depend upon our going. He and I are the only ones left who have strength enough to make the trial. I can assist him, for, although strong, I require less to support my strength than he. Something tells me we shall be successful; we shall return soon with help. Oh, sir,—it is no time for trifling now; our lives—even your own is at stake!"

"My own life," said the old man impassively, "is already spent. Before you return, if you return at all, I shall be beyond your help."

A spasm of pain appeared to pass over his face. He lay still for a moment as if to concentrate his strength for a further effort. But, when he again spoke, his voice was much lower, and he seemed to articulate with difficulty.

"Grace," he said at last, "come, nearer, girl,—I have something to tell you."

Grace hesitated. Within the last few moments a shy, nervous dread of the man

0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10
cm
copyright reserved
MISSOURI BOTANICAL GARDEN

6026

MISSOURI BOTANICAL GARDEN
GEORGE ENGELMANN PAPERS

which she could not account for had taken possession of her. She looked toward her sleeping brother.

"He will not waken," said Devarges, following the direction of her eyes. "The anodyne still holds its effect. Bring me what you took from the fire."

Grace brought the stone—a dull bluish-gray slag. The old man took it, examined it, and then said to Grace:

"Rub it briskly on your blanket."

Grace did so. After a few moments it began to exhibit a faint white luster on its polished surface.

"It looks like silver," said Grace, doubtfully.

"It *is* silver!" replied Devarges.

Grace put it down quickly and moved slightly away.

"Take it," said the old man,—"it is yours. A year ago I found it in a ledge of the mountain range far west of this. I know where it lies in bulk—a fortune, Grace, do you hear?—hidden in the bluish stone you put in the fire for me last night. I can tell you where and how to find it. I can give you the title to it—the right of discovery. Take it—it is yours."

"No, no," said the girl hurriedly, keep it yourself. You will live to enjoy it."

"Never, Grace! even were I to live I should not make use of it. I have in my life had more than my share of it, and it brought me no happiness. It has no value to me—the rankest weed that grows above it is worth more in my eyes. Take it. To the world it means everything,—wealth and position. Take it. It will make you as proud and independent as your lover—it will make you always gracious in his eyes;—it will be a setting to your beauty,—it will be a pedestal to your virtue. Take it—it is yours."

"But you have relatives—friends," said the girl, drawing away from the shining stone with a half superstitious awe. "There are others whose claims—"

"None greater than yours," interrupted the old man, with the nervous haste of failing breath. "Call it a reward if you choose. Look upon it as a bribe to keep your lover to the fulfillment of his promise to preserve my manuscripts and collection. Think, if you like, that it is an act of retribution—that once in my life I might have known a young girl whose future would have been blest by such a gift. Think—think—what you like—but take it!"

His voice had sunk to a whisper. A grayish pallor had overspread his face and his breath came with difficulty. Grace would have called her brother, but with a motion of his hand Devarges restrained her. With a desperate effort he raised himself upon his elbow, and drawing an envelope from his pocket, put it in her hand.

"It contains—map—description of mine and locality—yours—say you will take it—Grace, quick, say—"

His head had again sunk to the floor. She stooped to raise it. As she did so a slight shadow darkened the opening by the door. She raised her eyes quickly and saw—the face of Dumphy!

She did not shrink this time; but, with a sudden instinct, she turned to Devarges, and said:

"I will!"

She raised her eyes again defiantly, but the face had disappeared.

"Thank you," said the old man. His lips moved again but without a sound. A strange film had begun to gather in his eyes.

"Dr. Devarges," whispered Grace.

He did not speak. "He is dying," thought the young girl as a new and sudden fear overcame her. She rose quickly and crossed hurriedly to her brother and shook him. A prolonged inspiration, like a moan, was the only response. For a moment she glanced wildly around the room and then ran to the door.

"Philip!"

There was no response. She climbed up through the tunnel-like opening. It was already quite dark and a few feet beyond the hut nothing was distinguishable. She cast a rapid backward glance, and then, with a sudden desperation, darted forward into the darkness. At the same moment two figures raised themselves from behind the shadow of the mound and slipped down the tunnel into the hut—Mrs. Brackett and Mr. Dumphy.

They might have been the meanest predatory animals—so stealthy, so eager, so timorous, so crouching, and yet so agile were their motions. They ran, sometimes upright and sometimes on all fours, hither and thither. They fell over each other in their eagerness, and struck and spat savagely at each other in the half darkness. They peered into corners, they rooted in the dying embers and among the ashes, they groped among the skins and blankets, they smelt and sniffed at every article. They paused at last apparently unsuccessful, and glared at each other.

0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10
cm
copyright reserved
MISSOURI BOTANICAL GARDEN

Juncus bicolor

Akoo Island, Okay

May 15 1874

×10

strongly cuspidate

Pollen

×415

5 = anthers

3 bud

also 6 anthers

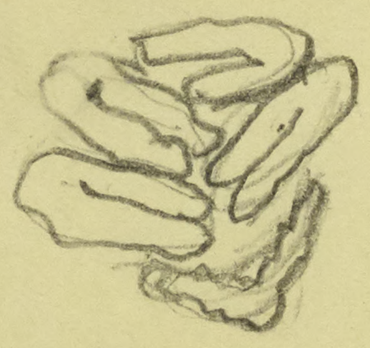
0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10
cm
copyright reserved
MISSOURI BOTANICAL GARDEN

6027

MISSOURI BOTANICAL GARDEN
GEORGE ENGELMANN PAPERS

STODDARD PHARMACY.
N. W. Corner Easton and Garrison Ave's.
POOLE & CO.

0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10
cm
copyright reserved
MISSOURI BOTANICAL GARDEN



F. Lindor

H63 Missouri Apr 24 1877

outer incomplete leaf
often not found,

Herb. Geo. Engelmann
Contributed by the Missouri Botanical Garden

0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10
cm
copyright reserved
MISSOURI BOTANICAL GARDEN

6028

MISSOURI BOTANICAL GARDEN
GEORGE ENGELMANN PAPERS

Leitch & Corlies
IMPORTERS & JOBBERS
DRUGGISTS
South West Corner Fifth and Market Streets.

0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10
cm
copyright reserved
MISSOURI BOTANICAL GARDEN

May 15 1874

Quercus bicolor
Ch. Gayer 1842

5 — acorns

0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10
cm
copyright reserved
MISSOURI BOTANICAL GARDEN

Deutsche Apotheke.

HENRY DIERS,

APOTHECARY,

South East Corner Fifth aud Biddle Streets,

ST. LOUIS. MO,

MISSOURI BOTANICAL GARDEN
GEORGE ENGELMANN PAPERS

6029

0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 cm
copyright reserved
MISSOURI BOTANICAL GARDEN

Michaux 181-3

"Book of Worthies" as having lived 140 years, and his wife, 120 years. As a very convincing proof of the above, it was stated in court that he outlived five leases of twenty-one years each, made to him after his marriage. Thomas Gangheen died 1814, aged 112. He was called at the age of 108 to prove the validity of a survey made in the year 1725, and his testimony contributed chiefly to the termination of an important lawsuit. Jane Forrester died 1766, aged 138. When she was 132 years of age, her intellect was so clear that she made oath in a Chancery suit to have known an estate, the title to which was then in dispute, to have been enjoyed by the ancestors of the present heir one hundred and one years. "Peter Garden died near Edinburgh in 1775, aged 131 years. He lived during eight reigns. He was of gigantic stature, and retained his health and entire faculties to the last hour."

It is worthy of remark, that the most of those who have become very old were married more than once, and often at a very late period of life. There is rarely an instance of a bachelor or spinster having attained great age. Once left alone, the centenarian seeks a new spouse. His loneliness becomes oppressive. All familiar faces are gone; the playmates of youth, the companions of early manhood, the friends of middle life, the associates of declining years long ago passed away to sure and rapid death. But let him marry again, and then he and his consort will walk down the hill of life to the grave in joy and peace, and probably die within a few hours of each other.

Some of our venerable friends married four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven, and thirteen times; but James Gay, of Bordeaux, in France, eclipsed them all in connubial pertinacity. He died in 1772, aged only one hundred and one; but he found it convenient and agreeable to marry sixteen wives, yet died childless. Margaret McDowal, a Scotchwoman, who died in 1768, aged one hundred and six years, has found a unique place in history because she married and survived thirteen husbands. It seems to us that a meeting of these wives or these husbands beyond the "Shining Shore" would have suggested itself to these marriageable old folk, and have caused them to hesitate somewhere among the last half dozen. How much more beautiful the example of Mrs. Agnes Skuner, an Englishwoman, who died 1499, aged one hundred and nineteen. She chose to reverence the memory of her husband through a widowhood of ninety-two years. We receive a new and touching view of the solemn vow taken at marriage, "I promise to love, cherish, protect, etc., until death us do part," in the case of John Rovin and his wife, who died at Temeswar, Hungary, in 1741, he aged one hundred and seventy-two, and she, one hundred and sixty-four. They lived as husband and wife during the long period of one hundred and forty-eight years, and their youngest son at the time of their decease was aged one hundred and sixteen. If the fiftieth anniversary of a wedding day is worthy of a golden celebration, what shall be the fitting entertainment for that happy pair who, during nearly one hundred and fifty years, have borne each other's joys and sorrows? Terentia, the wife of Cicero, lived to see one hundred and seventeen years. Cicero secured a divorce from her because he wanted to marry a rich young woman. After the divorce Terentia married Sallust, the historian. He dying, she was married the third time to Messala Corvinus, and yet again a fourth time to Vibius Rufus. As an exception to this matrimonial rule may be mentioned the case of Marie Mallet, a Frenchwoman and a spinster, who died aged one hundred and fifteen. She continued the business of dressmaking and millinery until her one hundred and tenth year. At her death forty-five women, who had formerly been her apprentices and were now far advanced in age, went before her body to the tomb.

PETER GARDEN OF ABERDEENSHIRE, AGED 131 YEARS.

The study of this subject reveals the fact

0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10
cm
copyright reserved
MISSOURI BOTANICAL GARDEN

6030

MISSOURI BOTANICAL GARDEN
GEORGE ENGELMANN PAPERS

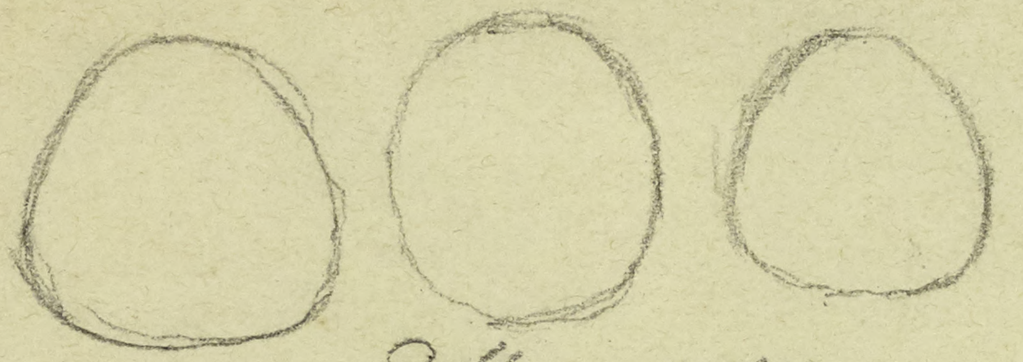
that longevity seems to run in families, and sometimes appears to be almost hereditary. The transmission of the elixir of long life seems as reasonable as the inheritance of unpleasant tempers or a weakly constitution; and allowing a providential exemption from the fatal accidents strewn in the path of man, why may not the child of one hundred and ten years reach the age of its parents who perished at one hundred and twenty-five? Thus Mrs. Kiethe, of Gloucestershire, died 1772, aged one hundred and thirty-three. She left three daughters—the eldest aged one hundred and eleven, the second one hundred and ten, and the youngest one hundred and nine. Perhaps the most striking instance of hereditary longevity may be found in the case of the often quoted Thomas Parr, who died in London 1635, aged one hundred and fifty-two, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. Shropshire, in England, whence he came, is distinguished for its long-lived people. Old Parr, as he has been familiarly called for nearly three centuries, was a farmer, worked at the age of one hundred and thirty, and married his second wife when one hundred and twenty-two. Robert Parr died in Shropshire, 1757, aged one hundred and twenty-four. He has been called the great-grandson of Old Parr. Robert's father died aged one hundred and nine, and his grandfather aged one hundred and thirteen. The total years of these four persons, in regular descent, extend to four hundred and ninety-eight, more than one-quarter of the whole period since the commencement of the Christian era. John Newell, who died 1761, aged one hundred and twenty-seven, and John Michaelstone, who died 1763, aged one hundred and twenty-seven, were both grandsons of Old Parr.

PETRATSCH ZORTAIN IN THE 185TH YEAR OF HIS AGE.

The personal appearance of those greatly advanced in years is generally far from winning. Some, with a complexion of mahogany, seem only to dry up and wither, yet are withal so wiry and tough that they hang on to life decade after decade, and make a very successful fight with the Great Destroyer. Then there are others—women more often than men—who in the advanced years become pursy and corpulent, pale and flabby, or perhaps quite fat; their skin hangs not in wrinkles, but in rolls; and their voice, instead of rising, becomes gruff and husky We have noticed that centenarians are apt to be small of stature. Large men and women are more liable to the accidents of life, and their organizations are less likely to be compactly knit. Dwarfs have frequently passed the five score years, and among others may be mentioned one Elspeth Watson, who died aged one hundred and fifteen. She was two feet nine inches high and rather bulky, if one of that stature can be called bulky. Two remarkable exceptions to the foregoing rule are recorded. James McDonald, a giant seven feet six inches in height, died 1760, aged one hundred and seventeen. Charles Blizard, a farmer, and the most corpulent man in his county, died 1785, aged one hundred and seven. While referring to these monstrosities, whose acquaintance is generally made in public, we are reminded of two actors who are entitled to mention. Charles Macklin, a celebrated comedian of Covent Garden Theater, died 1797, aged one hundred and seven. And history has recorded that eighteen hundred years ago Galeria Capiola, a player and dancer, ninety-nine years after her first appearance as a novice, assisted at the dedication of a theater by Pompey the Great. Later still, when long past the century, she was

0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10
cm
copyright reserved
MISSOURI BOTANICAL GARDEN

Guam Reinwardtii March 30 1874
same tree from which fruit in 1873
Fruit Oct 26/73 74



Pollen × 415

H. multg 6-androus

×10

10-androus

6-androus

0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10
cm
copyright reserved
MISSOURI BOTANICAL GARDEN

Alex. Leitch,

APOTHECARY & CHEMIST,

Cor 4th & Olive Sts. St. Louis.

MISSOURI BOTANICAL GARDEN
GEORGE ENGELMANN PAPERS

6031

cm 0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10
copyright reserved
MISSOURI BOTANICAL GARDEN

April 5 1877

G. Michauxii

L Carolina Munk 30

x 10

position of leaves & bud
when just open

0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10
cm
copyright reserved
MISSOURI BOTANICAL GARDEN

HENRY EHRHARDT,

PHARMACEUTICAL CHEMIST,

No. 301 South Fifth Street, Cor. Myrtle, ST. LOUIS.

No. *Date* 187

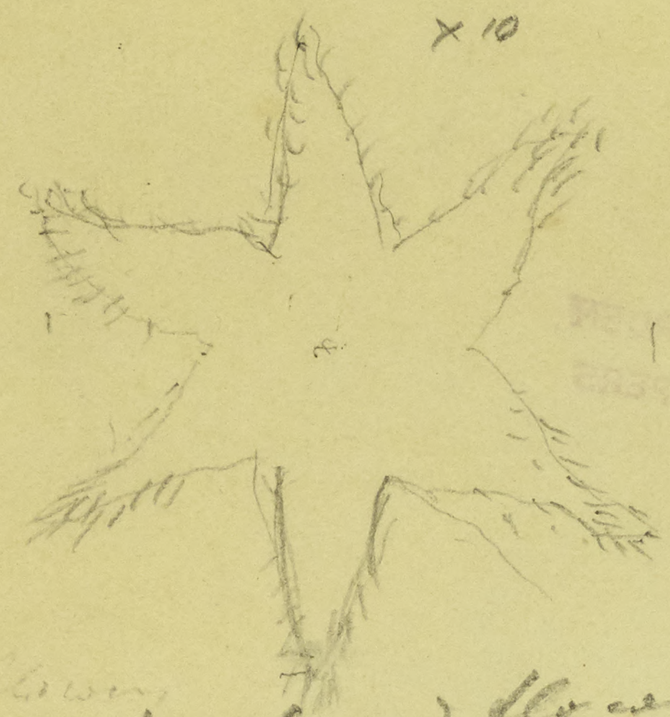
℞

MISSOURI BOTANICAL GARDEN
GEORGE ENGELMANN PAPERS
6032

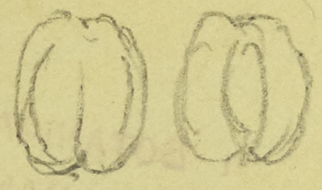
cm 0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10
Copyright reserved
MISSOURI BOTANICAL GARDEN

9. Mohavensis

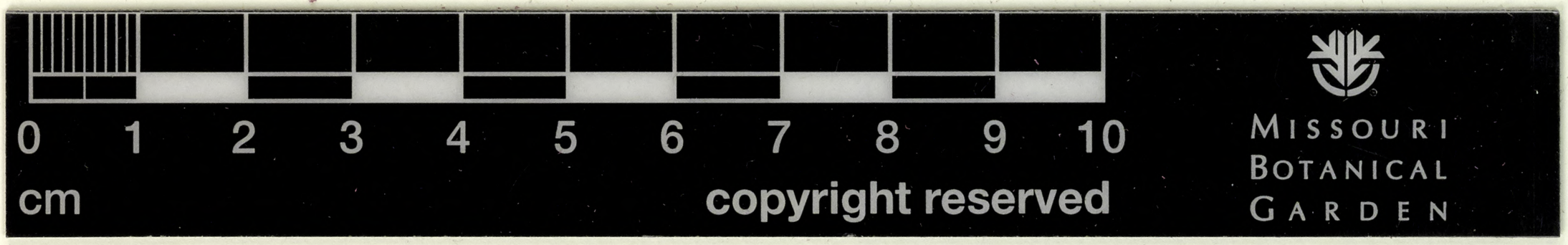
Wilmington Del May 20 1877



flower
well developed flowers
10 - anthers



Schutz Apotheke
Geo. Ade
Commission
St. Louis, Mo.
Missouri Botanical Garden
Missouri Botanical Garden
St. Louis, Mo.



Deutsche Apotheke.

GEO. UDE,

Apothecary and Druggist

No. 3610 North 10th Street,

Between Mallinckrodt and Salisbury, **ST. LOUIS, MO.**

No. *187*

For .....

Rp.

MISSOURI BOTANICAL GARDEN
ENGELMANN PAPERS

6033

0 cm 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10
copyright reserved
MISSOURI BOTANICAL GARDEN

Wahlenbergii 1847

daily practice, and retained his sight, hearing, and memory to the last. He was five times married, and had forty-nine children born to him. When about one hundred years old his white hair fell off, and was succeeded by a crop of its original color, and at one hundred and twelve years of age he cut two teeth. As a marked contrast to this healthy old patriarch, witness the following instance which is certified to by the parish register. Margaret Krasiowna, a Polish woman, died in 1763, aged 108. When 94, she married for her third husband Gaspard Raykolt, who was then 105. His father had previously died, aged 119. During the fourteen years they lived together, she brought him two boys and a girl; and these three children, from their very birth, bore evident marks of the old age of their parents, their hair being gray, and a vacuity appearing in their gums like that which is occasioned by the loss of teeth, though they never had any. They had not strength enough, even as they grew up, to chew solid food, but lived on bread and vegetables. They were of proper size for their age, but their backs were bent, their complexion sallow, and they had all the other external symptoms of decrepitude.

We have already noticed the astonishing tenacity with which these worthies hold on to life. Often the silver cord is loosened and the golden bowl broken by the interposition of some accident. An old woman in a tree gathering apples falls to her death; others on horseback, or engaged in some other active exertion, quite unseemly in persons of great age, suddenly die. One of the most remarkable instances of the stubborn fight between Old Age and Death is found in John Tice, who died 1774, aged 125. While he was felling a tree, at the age of 80, his legs were broken, but he speedily recovered, and at the age of 100, fell in a fainting fit upon some live coals and was shockingly burned. He survived this scorching and retained the free use of all his faculties till his death, which took place on his hearing of the loss of a friend and patron.

We shall now advert to one of the most difficult features of this curious study, viz.: the lack of reliable evidence in the cases of abnormal longevity. Perhaps this paragraph should have preceded what has already been said, for, if we cannot believe what has been written, any story of the romancer might prove far more interesting. But, though a very large degree of faith must be exercised in these matters, we cannot agree with Sir G. Cornewall Lewis, that no person ever lived one hundred years. Nor do we sympathize with a late writer, Mr. William J. Thoms, who will credit no centenarian, unless his story is supported by the evidence of statistics. Mr. Thoms, in reviewing the subject of longevity, claims that there have existed in latter days but four cases which have been satisfactorily proved: Mrs. Williams, of Bridehead, died 1841, aged 102; age proved by parish statistics and family records; William Plank, of Harrow, died 1867, aged 100; age proved by being in school with late Lord Lyndhurst, in 1780; bound apprentice in 1782, and received indentures of freedom in the Salters Company in 1789; Jacob William Luning, died 1870, aged 103; age proved by statistics of birth, baptism, and testimony of disinterested friends, while his identity (the most difficult of all things to prove) has been established by statistics from the Equitable Assurance Society in London, where, at the age of 36, in 1803, he was insured for £200. This is the only case on record of an insured life extending to 100 years. The fourth was Catherine Duncombe Shafto, who died in 1872, aged 101; age proved by parish statistics, and identity established by the fact that, in 1790, she (being then 19 years of age) was selected as one of the Government nominees in the tontine of that year. Her husband and many of her sons were representatives in Parliament. Thus, the greatest skeptic with whom we meet, in the discussion of our subject, admits the fact of centenarianism. Some cases are proved. Records are not always kept of birth, or baptism, or marriage, nor do all men insure their lives. The early companions of the extremely aged are all dead, and their testimony cannot be procured. Shall we therefore say, that none pass the hundredth nor the hundred and tenth birthday, but the select four referred to by Mr. Thoms?

Indeed there is a remarkable concurrence of all testimony in assigning 130 to 150 years to the most aged of various races and times. Dr. Van Oven, an authority of great ability, has given seventeen examples of age exceeding 150 years. So have written and believed Hufeland and Haller, the latter asserting that the vital forces of man are capable of reaching, in some cases, 200 years. Therefore, those kindly disposed toward history, and not anxious to examine the records too minutely, may, by an extraordinary effort of faith, believe the assertion that Thomas Parr

0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10
cm
copyright reserved
Missouri Botanical Garden

6034

MISSOURI BOTANICAL GARDEN
GEORGE ENGELMANN PAPERS

lived to be 152, and that Henry Jenkins died at the age of 169. But it will take a good many grains of salt to confirm the world in the belief that Peter Zartan, the Hungarian peasant, lived to be 185, or that Thomas Cam (notwithstanding the parish register of

HENRY JENKINS, AGED 169 YEARS.

St. Leonard's, Shoreditch) died January 28, 1588, aged 207 years. Indeed the great age of the latter resulted from the trick of some wag, who, with venerable intent, fashioned the figure "1" on his tombstone into a "2," thus jumping a century in a few minutes. The friends of Thomas Damme, who died 1648, aged 154, provided against similar trickery, and had his age cut on the tombstone in words at length. It might be supposed that statistics would furnish very valuable evidence on this subject. But, in the first place, it is only within certain European areas and a part of America that tables relating to age are prepared, and the qualifications to which these are subject from the shifting of population are of a very complex character. These records show that extreme age is almost uniformly found among the poor and the degraded. And although one might suppose that the possession of wealth, education and intelligence, would contribute to long life, the evidence *seems* to point the other way. The cases that are handed down to us from the earlier centuries of the Christian era are often but tradition. In later days more positive evidence exists; and yet the dusty parish registers are not above question, and the family records and familiar obituary notices frequently come to us unverified. It is also a strange feature that miraculous length of days occurs in obscure villages, where no evidence exists but the mere *ipse dixit* of Old Mortality, and that as soon as we draw near the cities, where science can handle the case, the wonderful story flies the light. The fact is, aged people have their full share of the marvelous appetite; they have too frequently lost their memories, and so, from ignorance or deceit, do not tell the truth. And then a vanity which never grows old affects equally the statements of old and young. The register, to which we are often referred, is a record, not of birth or baptism, but of death, and merely contains a statement of the age as derived from the friends of the deceased, and which will soon be found carved and unquestioned on the tombstone. This is valueless in proof of longevity. Then in villages, where many of the same name are found, a confusion in identity has often taken place, and, where nobody will rise up to prove the contrary, some octogenarian has doubtless felt himself called upon to assume the years of both his father and his grandfather. If we bear these things in mind, it will not appear very marvelous that negroes live long. Louisa Truxo, at the age of 175, was living in Cordova in South America in 1780, and another negress, aged 120, was called in evidence to prove the case. Of course to ignorant folk and innocent statisticians this was satisfactory. Let us mention a few cases where the evidence has been considered satisfactory. Sir Henry Holland, a few years ago, when in Canada, met an officer whose commission proved him to be 104 years old. Henry Jenkins, who died 1670, aged 169, remembered the great battle of Flodden Field, fought between the English and the Scotch in 1513. When 157 years old he was produced as witness to prove the right of way over another man's ground. Being cautioned by the Judge to speak truthfully in regard to his great age, he referred the magistrate to two other witnesses in court, each over 80 years, who testified that when they were small boys Jenkins was a very old, gray-haired man. James Sands, of Staffordshire, is mentioned in Fuller's

0 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10
cm
copyright reserved
MISSOURI BOTANICAL GARDEN